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South Bethlehem, Penna.

FOUNDED BY ASA PACKER.

The object of this Institution is to give a thorough education in Civil, Mechanical, and Mining Engineering, in Chemistry, Metallurgy, the Classics and in General Literature.

Situated in a region famous for its rich and varied mineral resources, and also for its vast manufacturing interests, the Lehigh University has peculiar advantages for its work. The technical education is thorough and comprehensive, and there are advantages for the best classical culture.

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For further information apply to the President,

ROBERT A. LAMBERTON, LL.D.,

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

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BRACE the Athletic Association! It has been placed upon a clearly defined basis by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, a copy of which is in the possession of every member. Knowing then the exact duties of every member and officer, it is your business to see first that you come up to all the requirements of your own case and afterwards that others do the same. The members of the executive committee are energetic and willing to do everything which their position requires of them, provided the students at large will show an active interest in the affairs of the association. Give them a hearty support then. Seek out the treasurer of the association or of your class and pay your dues at the first opportunity.

A NEWSPAPER controversy is at best an unpleasant affair, and especially is it so when it comes to dealing with such a keen political economist and moralist as "Old Timer;" but we plead excuse for present indulgence in the vice on the ground of past abstinence.

Into the recent discussion as to the best name for that desultory collection of second

quality brick and lumber, at present called South Bethlehem, our local editor injected the brilliant idea that it should be called Lehigh, since "the college has made whatever there is of this annex to Bethlehem." Our friend of the chaotic ideas and irresistible flow of buncombe who signed himself "Old Timer," got off his mental underpinning at this, and called us hard names. It is not very evident why his indignation should have been aroused, for the suggestion was too evidently absurd to merit attention; for as there is nothing whatever to South Bethlehem—except the electric light, and not very much of that—the University has made nothing of it, and therefore there is no earthly reason why it should be named after the University. It is a clear case of *reductio ad absurdum*.

Old Timer proceeds to slur the students on their free education. Yes, the University is free to the sons of "Old Timers" resident in South Bethlehem. They pay no tuition and have a way of dodging all class dues and taxes, thus getting through college at the expense of their reputation and a few books; but it is not free to those who come from a distance and suffer the ills of a temporary high priced existence in the metropolis and suburbs of South Bethlehem. There are few boarding students who could not go to Lafayette, pay their tuition out of their present allowance and live in equal style on the remainder, though possibly they might miss those thousand dollar streets through which they daily wade, with objurgations loud and deep.

AFTER six weary months of bruised shins, livid eyes, fractured limbs, and curiously variegated hues of countenance, the boxer, wrestler, leaper, and the broad-minded expert in athletic chores of all description, come smilingly to the front and prepare to

throw down the gauntlet in the coming winter sports. Patiently has the handler of the gloves awaited this meed of his labors as he at regular intervals revisited mother earth, instituting intimate relations between the soil and his occiput, only to rise endowed by that stony parent both with increased vigor and intemperate wrath. To the victor belong the spoils, to the vanquished belong the gorgeous combinations of colors, from red to violet, depicted upon the facial lineaments. The fencer has long sought the glorious laurel to repay him for his accurate investigation of the false ribs of his opponent, while the latter in his agony wildly clove the air with his eye-extracting foil. The swinger of the Indian clubs as he cheerfully did his duty in lessening the assets of the insurance companies, gleefully dreamed of this hour. The parallel bars have not in vain produced a corner in the market for splints, nor has the spring-board aimlessly built palaces for the physician. In the eternal fitness of things, the glove, the foil, the bar and the club are to work out their appointed end. The ambitious contestant, his lithe and agile form attenuated by a rigorous diet, will proudly erect himself on the sand of the arena, only taught by the disagreeable consequences of his antagonist's skill, to adapt his weapon more painfully to the latter's features. The leaper will with increased ardor relinquish his hold upon man's natural domain and betake himself to that of the fowls. The expert on the parallels will with more alarming enthusiasm wreath his legs about his head and other remote portions of his bony structure. And so in gazing upon this display of Titanic strength and worm-like flexibility of the frame, we too will long for the graceful manipulation of the glove and the foil, the bird-like flights of the jumper, the flayed hands of the tug-of-war man, and the reckless disregard of life of the Indian club handler. But it may not be, such glory is reserved for the abstainer from butter and coffee alone.

THERE has been no lack of interesting news from the colleges, during the last month. First came the Hamilton strike. The faculty having decided that recitations should proceed notwithstanding the death of ex-president North, informed the students of the fact after the latter had already cut recitations, under the supposition that the old custom was still in force. The seniors regarding this as an *ex post facto* law refused to obey it. The faculty rose to the occasion and suspended two members of the class. The result of the matter was the withdrawal of the entire senior class from college. The faculty have gotten their back up and will not yield; the seniors are on their dignity and will not return unless a general amnesty is granted, and the prospect of a commencement this year at Hamilton is growing beautifully less.

The next item of interest was the huge joke which the Cornell sophomores sprung upon their unsuspecting freshmen. Ordering the caterer to serve the freshman supper at an out of the way village, they went up in a body and devoured it while the supperless freshmen raged around Ithaca in a state bordering on distraction.

The last and most serious affair however, is the Princeton fiasco. The students of this strict old Presbyterian college have turned on their parental faculty with charges of a whole sale system of espionage. Mass meetings and resolutions, with the appointment of committees to lay the resolutions and charges against the said parental faculty before the trustees betray the depth of feeling aroused. Although the agitation, if carried too far, may for sometime paralyze the energies of the college, it will result in much good if it breaks up the rigors of the parental authority idea.

RUMOR has it, and we know this time correctly, that at last a University Glee Club has been formed. It consists of only eight men, who on account of the smallness of their number should certainly find no dif-

ficulty in meeting for practice, a difficulty which has hitherto proved insurmountable. What is necessary to the success of this organization is the zeal and application of its members, as well as the approval and support of the college. That it will find objects on which to bestow the tremendous profits made by its concerts is beyond a doubt. The all devouring Athletic Association is always on the alert for something of the kind. It is not premature, however, to suggest that its services be first enlisted in the cause of the Lawn Tennis Association. Money could not be better spent by the students of the University, and especially those interested in tennis, than by making several good courts and building a small house for dressing rooms on the athletic grounds. Stimulated by some such definite object it is to be hoped that the members of the Glee Club will endeavor to make their organization as prominent a feature in the little world of Lehigh as similar ones are in almost every college in the land.

IT has not been the intention of the college press in the past, nor will it be in the future, to pose as the stern mentor of student morals, the organ of solemn-faced-matter-of-factism, or the keeper of the public conscience. The tone adopted by the best college papers is one of jocose cynicism, beneath which that of honest enthusiasm or indignation rings out upon occasion. This general tone is characteristic of the average college man, and must necessarily permeate all his publications.

Starting then with this proposition, how idiotic are the utterances of some who seem to expect from a college paper all the staid solemnity, tempered by exaggerated gush, which is typical of those village organs from the back districts, devoted avowedly to "Letters, Science and Art," but actually to the glorification of Squashville and its subscribing inhabitants.

During last term, the mechanical engineers of eighty-four made an extremely profitable

and enjoyable trip through the New England shops. Instead of having an account of it written up with scientific and technical exactness so that it might have been questionably instructive and undoubtedly tiresome to the score or so of mechanical engineering students among our subscribers, but Greek to the remainder, we published the suppositious diary of one of the participants, and we regarded it as a very witty thing too, until a critic suggested that it read like "The Confessions of a Traveling Salesman." But notice the sequel. When a little later a trip to Niagara was planned, so that the participants might be present at the opening of the Cantilever bridge, it was squelched because the BURR did not publish correct accounts of these trips, but gave the trustees the impression that they were passed in wild dissipation with beer and factory girls. Our disgust so far surpassed expression that we were dumb before the charge. Because we published statistics showing the percentage of pretty girls among the operatives of a watch factory, instead of noticing the number of revolutions which certain cranks—not connected with the University machinery—made in a minute, or of recording the ravages of the festive small-pox germ, in the rag sorting room of a paper mill, it is feared that the honorable trustees will get the impression that the tourists fled from the last named charmer to bask in the smiles of the first, and the verdict goes forth that "the BURR doesn't publish decent accounts of these trips."

THE efforts of the Harvard faculty to combine all the colleges of the country in placing restrictions on college athletics, has ended in a signal failure. The authorities of Princeton, Cornell and Stevens alone have accepted the athletic resolutions. The other colleges belonging to the inter-collegiate athletic association have either refused their assent to these resolutions, or have failed to act on them at all. The action of Harvard

University in this matter was certainly premature and to a certain extent, inconsistent. It is about as reasonable to oppose the employment of professional trainers for assisting in the physical development of students, as it would be to object to a dancing master, because he is a "professional." In England professional trainers have been employed in public schools and in the universities for a great many years and no such evil results have followed as the Harvard faculty predict for this country, and in England all the students are engaged in field and gymnasium sports, while with us it is only those best fitted to succeed in them, who pay much attention to the subject at all. As regards the playing of ball nines with professionals, Harvard is certainly right. It is a bad practice and should be stopped. But is no worse than for college glee clubs to travel over half a dozen states giving concerts, after the manner of regular theatrical companies. Each college is, however, amply able to stop this by refusing permission to the students to engage in such extra-collegiate pursuits. And they would do this probably, were it not for the advertising the college gets from these performances of its students.

IF Lehigh University ever expects to attain any eminence among the vast array of institutions of a similar character in this land, she must receive sustenance from a more constant infusion of the spirit of the great world around her. The natural tendency is seclusion and conservatism, but in a progressive age like ours he who lingers will surely lose the race. It is a fact patent to ourselves, that we do not keep abreast of the times. Old methods of instruction, text-books whose antiquity is their guarantee for excellence, are retained with the most unconquerable tenacity. In regard to buildings, apparatus and all the machinery for forwarding the interests of the student we are not deficient; in these things we may boast a generally accorded superiority. But

new facilities for instruction and more liberal methods are being tested and proved highly advantageous every day. And shall we make no use of advanced experience? Shall the originality and novelty of a thing be sufficient to secure its unqualified condemnation? When we leave college and become a stone in the vast human superstructure, we do not wish to find ourselves some five or ten years behind the present age. The trite saying that this is a practical age and that we must be up and doing if we expect to succeed, is nevertheless true, and the wide-awake professor will find that methods which answered well enough when he was at college have been superseded by newer and more perfect ones. The regular professors fulfill their appointed duties but we need practical talks on all subjects from men of the world, to keep us out of the rut into which inhabitants of a single college world are too fatally prone to fall. This is a branch of education in which we are lamentably deficient. Temporary gleams of the sunshine which illumines the outer world fall athwart our path on Founder's Day, but this cannot give us the slightest idea of what a boon the establishment of lecture courses by literary men of ability and note would be. When this policy is adapted, a portion of the time now devoted to the beer saloon and the billiard table will be devoted to the higher delights of mental refreshment by those whose tastes are not utterly depraved.

VICE VERSA. (*American Edition.*)

"NO Sir, you will have to go back. You've had one examination as it is. Your case will come before the faculty next Monday. They may decide differently, but I think not. Good evening," and professor Todd bowed his dismissal. The disconsolate student stood with one hand on the doorknob and shifted his hat with the other. "I've had a good deal to do lately, professor," he said, "with my laboratory work in the afternoons and preparing at night, I've been a good

deal pressed. I think if I had another chance—" "Yes, I know," interrupted professor Todd, "I hear a great deal of this over-work from the students. The—ah—BURR is full of it and the faculty inundated with petitions. I really can't see that you have so much to do. You manage to find time for your foot-ball and athletics and glee clubs and that sort of thing. We did without that when I went to college and did our work besides. However, the faculty will decide your case. Good evening." This time the student withdrew. "It's utter nonsense," soliloquized the professor as he picked up *The Nineteenth Century* and drew his chair to the fire. "Work! work! work! they ought to call it the 'song of the shirk,'" and smiling grimly the professor turned to his magazine. It may have been that the number was not an interesting one, for it soon dropped from his hand and his mind turned back to his late visitor, "utter nonsense," he soliloquized, "they ought to be perfectly happy. If they had my experience and could appreciate their advantages, they would be. I know I would like well enough to be in that young man's place." No sooner were these words out of his mouth than he experienced a strange sensation, the weight of the atmosphere became suddenly very oppressive, and his body rapidly diminished. His cosy room shrank to half its size, the books, engravings and curtains disappeared, and a bare, white-washed apartment, heated by no visible or sensible means, and permeated with the odor of saur kraut took its place. His wish had been fulfilled. Professor Todd found himself gazing at his new individuality from a distance. Two persons in one, yet the spirit of the professor was unable to affect the spirit of the new born student, and he was forced to view himself metamorphosized and moved by some unseen powers. His eye mechanically fell on the roster. "Forty-two hours a week," he gasped, "why, our register only says eighteen, and for to-morrow, mathematics, german and physics, and it's nine o'clock now." He left

his room, crossed a passage and entered a similar apartment opposite. "Hobbes," he inquired of its occupant, "Who's got a pony for this dutch?" Professor Todd was translated indeed. "I have, for one," said the student. "You," indignantly inquired the professor part of him, for Hobbes was always a favorite with the faculty. "Well, I don't advocate the use of the thing, I do it in self defense. I have so much mathematics, so much dutch, so much chemistry, I haven't time to do them all justice, so I use a crib for the dutch as the least important." The professor seized the pony and returned to his own room. Twelve o'clock found him still busy with his work and when he finally crawled into bed it was not for peaceful sleep, but to dream of hyperbolas, radii and solutions. When he had at last fallen into an uneasy fitful doze, a startling discharge at his head caused him to start bolt upright in his bed. It was only an alarm clock, however, and he turned once more to his pillow. When he again awoke the sun was streaming in his face and the hands registered eight o'clock. He sprang from the bed, hurried on his clothes and dashed towards the college, minus his usual morning ablutions and breakfast. The streets were covered with treacherous ice, and by the time he reached the university, the chapel doors were closed. The first recitation was in mathematics. A problem was assigned him. He wrote his name on the board, rubbed it out and wrote it over again; then he improved on the capitals and dotted the i's, until it became a very respectably written name. There was nothing the matter with the name; the problem was the difficulty. Then, as droppeth the gentle dew from heaven, a rolled piece of paper fell at his feet; he dropped his piece of chalk and in a few moments the whole problem returned to him and he joyfully took his seat. The professor part of him blushed with guilt. The second recitation was in the room of a nervous professor, subject to colds, who kept all the windows down and doors closed. Out of this

hot box he went, the next hour, to the room of a professor commonly known as a fresh air fiend. Windows were open immediately behind young Todd and a draft bore upon him with cold raw artillery. His own recitation room was visited in the fourth hour and this proved the greatest strain of all. Here he found the atmosphere perineated with the breath of four preceding classes; no wonder his head ached and he was unable to follow his own intricate explanation of the subject. He was disgusted with himself for giving such long lessons, and at his stupidity in explaining the subject. He was forced to recite to himself and flunk most shamefully. He gave himself a zero with a warning to do better. No breakfast, no sleep, and four hours recitation sent him bounding off towards his luncheon. In the back room of a Dutch domicile he sat down to a barren repast of oatmeal, crackers, brackish coffee and tough cold beef. Then three hours of laboratory work in the barn.

The mingled odors increased his headache. His back, with standing for so long a period, seemed liable to break in two. If he could only have had a whiff of his pipe, he thought, it might soothe his nerves and keep out the vile smells around him, but he remembered with sorrow how the professor part of him had vigorously seconded the motion to prohibit it. He dragged his weary frame to dinner. "Why can't we have dormitories" he groaned as he viewed the half cooked, badly served food before him, "and a steward, under the supervision of the faculty, who would set a table to which we might, without blushing, ask a friend? Why are we forced to share the dainties of some Dutch mill hand and pay prices higher than those at aesthetic Harvard?" The day's doings left him in a pleasant frame of mind for the evening's work. He drew his chair up to the place from which the fire should have come and tried to study. With back aching, head splitting and feet freezing he found some difficulty in confining his attention to his work. "How can a man work

forty hours a week, prepare in such a den as this, see his histories and favorite authors covered with dust, on the shelves, and not complain!" he exclaimed. "Education isn't a special knowledge of one technical subject but a general broad grasp of what is being done, questioned, studied and admired around us. We should take more time to it, five years, if necessary—time to digest what is crammed into us." Excited with his own eloquence, professor Todd started suddenly, the book dropped from his hand; stooping to pick it up he clasped in its place *The Nineteenth Century*. His cheerful wood fire blazed before him; around him hung his pictures; his easy chairs and books stood in their old places. "Dear me, what an ugly dream," said professor Todd as he rubbed his eyes and proceeded to fill his meerschaum. "On the whole I think I'll give that young man another hearing."

A MORNING VISION.

ALL robed in white,
At window light,
An apparition frightful;
With bangs awry,
And flashing eye—
Abandon quite delightful.

A youth below,
With footsteps slow,
And mien too too dejected;
His eye did chance,
An upward glance—
A vision unexpected.

So sweet and bland
She waved her hand,
He kissed to his Belinda
A second look,—
It was the cook,
"A-polishing the window."

HOW LITERARY DEGREES ARE ACQUIRED IN CHINA.

THROUGHOUT the whole empire of China the educational system is well diffused, and offers equal advantages and facilities of learning to all classes. Though no educational institutions of any grade are sup-

ported by the state, yet it greatly encourages their establishment. It is by learning alone that a man can be qualified to hold official positions. No money or vote can make a man the magistrate of a state or province. Every inch of the way which leads to distinction, must be gained by patience, laborious study and brain work. The steps leading to the highest official position are three. First, Chong Yen. Second, Tarm Far. Third, Bo Ghen. These degrees can only be acquired by candidates who have already passed examination for degrees corresponding to B. A., and M. A. To undergo such an examination a student must be well prepared in all the branches of the classics, which are compilations from the writings of the philosopher Confucius. These classics consist of the four Shoos and the five Canonical Books or the five Kings, which the Chinese revere as the essence of all truth.

The five Kings consist of the following five books: the Shee King, or book of poetry, which Confucius esteemed highly as a means of remodeling the national character; the Shoo King, or book of historical documents; the Yih King, or book of changes, which treats of mental philosophy. The Li-Ki, or record of rites and national ceremonies, which the Chinese hold with like reverence to the Holy Scriptures as a means of preserving social order and virtue. The fifth book is the Chin Tsen, or Spring and Autumn, a history of the times of Confucius.

The four Shoos come next in importance. They are like Plato's dialogues, the digested conversations between Confucius and his disciples. Prior to the study of the four Shoos and five Kings, a student must master the "trimetrical classics," each sentence of which consists of three characters, the young pupils' book of poetry of five characters and the thousand character classics of four characters. These books are designed to stimulate the scholars to diligence in gaining honor and fame. When a student has completed study-

ing the above mentioned classics, he is prepared to enter college where they pursue a higher course of study. Compositions written on subjects taken from the five Shoos and five Kings, writing of poetry, the study of the sacred edict of filial piety, which the Chinese consider as indispensable to human happiness, the reading of general literature and Confucian philosophy, constitute part of the collegiate course. The educational system in one respect differs widely from that of the western world, in that all the books are committed to memory. It is the universal system throughout the empire. When one has completed his collegiate education, which will take not less than ten years of indefatigable study, and often fifteen, then he is considered to be prepared to present himself as candidate for the examination for the Bo Ghen, which takes place every year in the capital of every province. Each candidate before going to examination registers his name, place of birth and age, and declares himself as not the son of an actor, such being excluded. When the examination begins, a cannon is fired for its announcement. Then the hall door is shut, after which no one is allowed to enter or go out until it is over. The subjects taken for this examination are themes from the four Shoos and one from the five Kings. The successful candidates' names will be announced the next day. In such an examination, candidates present themselves to the number of seven or eight thousand; out of which not more than one hundred remain for the final one, and among these only sixty are selected for the degree of Bo Ghen. The successful candidates are then submitted to a second examination. "The Literary Chancellor" conducts the remaining four examinations. Having been successful in this, the Bo Ghen students are then ready to try for the Tarm Far, which takes place in Peking. While undergoing this examination, each candidate occupies a cell where he is to remain by night as well as by day until the examination is over. The examiners are a body of men appointed

by the emperor from Pekin, distinguished for their literary attainments. It takes place on the 6th day of August of every third year. Before entering this cell, students are carefully searched for books of reference and other written materials. The first and second examination each lasts two days. At the third trial five verses are written on any subject which the examiners may think fit to propose. The papers are then given to officials appointed to receive them and are again submitted to the correction of the examiners from Pekin. The successful candidates will receive the Tarm Far which is only a qualification for him to try for the Chong Yen. This examination is presided over by the emperor himself and the royal princes. It is held in the imperial palace. The trying hour in this examination is spent in writing answers to any question the emperor gives, and also the writing of essays and poems in a more complicated form. The successful candidates of this examination are divided into four classes according to their merits. Those of the first class are to hold important positions. Those of the second become members of the inner council, and the third have positions in the six boards.

The newly acquired Chong Yen have the honor to be invited to dine with the emperor and this honor and reputation extend to all parts of the empire.

L. W.

THE CHARGE OF THE FIRST BRIGADE.

HALF a term ! half a term !
 Half a term onward,
 All in the Valley of Dread,
 Rode the Half Hundred.
 "Forward the First Brigade !
 Charge for the boards !" he said ;
 Into the Valley of Dread,
 Rode the Half Hundred.

"Forward the First Brigade !"
 Was there a man dismay'd ?
 Altho' the students knew
 Their hopes were sundered ;
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to flunk and die ;
 Into the Valley of Dread,
 Rode the Half Hundred.

Profs. to the right of them,
 Profs. to the left of them,
 Profs. to the front of them,
 Shouted and thunder'd,
 Flung at the board pell-mell,
 Sitting their ponies well,
 Into the jaws of Dread ;
 Into this mimic hell,
 Rode the Half Hundred.

Flash'd all their crayons bare,
 Flash'd as they turned in air,
 Chalking the figures there,
 Charging a problem ; while
 All the class wonder'd.
 Plung'd in the chalky smoke,
 Straight for a "ten" they broke.
 Cardan and Horner
 Reel'd from the pointer's stroke—
 Every man blundered !
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the Half Hundred.

When shall their zeros fade ?
 O ! the cold flunk they made ;
 The whole college wondered.
 Honor the flunkers' trade ;
 Honor the tough Brigade ;
 Noble Half Hundred !

THE MUDDY DAY.

Being the outline of a play to be produced in St. Michael's Hall after Lent, for the benefit of the sufferers from the late (mud) floods in South Bethlehem, Pa. Respectfully dedicated to the Town Council of said borough. Title alone borrowed from Messrs. Harrigan & Hart.

THE scene is laid in the thriving borough of South Bethlehem. The time is a little after 8 A. M. On all sides are to be seen milk carts and students, the latter apparently going to a fire. The hero is a student ; as the scene is laid in South Bethlehem, there is no heroine. As the student approaches he is heard singing a ballad recently composed in honor of the commissioner of public highways of the aforesaid borough. The ballad begins with a full account of the wonderful

deeds of the honorable commissioner, previous to his elevation to his present dignity. It then recounts his tremendous achievements since that time. In the warmest terms it speaks of his noble and unselfish conduct in procuring mud, in the distribution of which commodity his impartiality is clearly shown. No street can boast of its superiority over any other in this respect. All are equally bad. At this interesting juncture, unfortunately for the author of the play, the hero disappears in a perfect slough of despond recently deposited at the campus gate.

Having seen his hero into this most unpleasant position, the author is unable to get him out in order to finish the play, and is obliged to solicit the generous commissioner's aid in his hero's behalf.

Until his able assistance is obtained, the expectant public will be obliged to remain expectant.

A ROMANCE.

IN that extremely susceptible period of my existence, the first year at college, I made a wicked promise to some friends to write a story—something truly touching, something that would cause the tenderest chords of the human heart to vibrate in response to its sentiments, something at which the tears of sympathy and affection should well forth like the tender showers on an April day distilling upon the humid earth.

My heart warmed within me—the fires of poetic genius leaped raging through my veins. What cared I, if my story should prove a second Paul and Virginia? A hero; a heroine; a deep, dark, treacherous villain; six students and a saloon-keeper—that was enough. The heroine—O! how shall I describe her charms! That gazelle neck! Those auburn tresses, like the last rays of the setting sun! The delicacy and refinement betrayed in that exquisitely formed pug-nose! Those fingers, tapering off like the prongs of a pitch fork! Those eyes, the one a delicate sky blue, the other perfect

sea green! Those substantial little feet, encased in dainty little number nines! How ravishing! When she moved, it was like a gale of wind, and the “whole” building tottered, for she was huge, majestic.

The hero was dark and strong, for he went to college, and ran in the “hundred” and “two twenty” and all the other races. He wasn't a very refined hero either, for he drank beer on special occasions like Founder's Day, and played poker. But he did love that heroine ardently, in fact his devotion was something of the Leandrine type, I don't know whether he ever swam across the river to see her or not, that would hardly have been necessary as there were two very safe bridges over it. He wouldn't have seen her if he had, because she secluded herself very pertinaciously, and didn't receive visitors. Another rather grave consideration was, that he couldn't swim.

However, if he didn't navigate the stream, he would lower himself to a plain, matter-of-fact footing the bridge, and would pay a cent toll. And then like a good Christian he would go to the church where the heroine worshipped; after which act of piety he would stand on the curb-stone outside until she came out in company with many other fair ones and a chaperon. How sweetly she would speak to him, or if it was cold weather, how gently she would slip and fall to the hard earth. Then would that noble youth strike that manly brow in anguish, and stoop quickly to rescue the fair maiden from imminent peril. Transient, fleeting joy! Soon she would vanish with the others into the protecting shelter of a seminary or boarding school, it matters not what, some place where they would afford good nourishment to her budding intellectual faculties.

All this time the young man has been standing on the curb-stone (if it didn't chance to be her falling night.) No! he hasn't either—the policeman has just kicked him into the gutter, enjoining him in the most unfeeling tones to “move on.” Is anything needed to

complete the utter misery of that wretched student. She has gone; the policeman has come, and he is lying in the sewer—all for her. He heaves a resounding sigh, which reverberates up the street and across the way, flings a bad word or two at the stern officer of the law, and with his liver in his throat trudges home.

To soothe those ruffled feelings he sits up until four o'clock next morning, writing a twenty page (legal cap) letter, beginning, "Dearest heart of my soul," and ending, "Yours, sweet sweetness, very sincerely and affectionately, plus devotedly." He smuggles this into the nursery of the arts next day by the aid of the janitor.

One Sunday night, the sixth time he had recovered his fair Melissa from her recumbent posture on the cold, hard, slippery bricks, and the twenty-third time he had been ignominiously kicked into the gutter, he deeply vowed, with a forty-two syllabled oath, that this rasping, irritating, uncomfortable condition of things must end. Imbued with this manly resolve he erects his comely frame from the slime in which he had been wallowing, recalls his telescoped derby to some semblance of a hat, and walks home with the determined tread of a man who has relieved his conscience of a heavy weight. That student goes straight to a book store and buys a ream of terra cotta note paper. He goes to the drawing-room, gets out his T-square, triangle and compasses, and proceeds to draw a pear-shaped heart with a broom stick imbedded in its depths, at the top of the first page. Leave him now while he pens that tear-extorting confession. Suffice it to say that he sells his calculus to a freshman, in order that he may once more meet the avaricious demands of that mercenary janitor. The course of his passion is now *comme il faut*. What cares he whether school keeps or not. He takes a zero every time and comes up smiling, for has he not the thought of that lovely being to buoy him up? Evanescent bliss! Unlucky mortal! You are undone! That traitorous janitor has delivered

up your repository of heart-breaking confessions and loving assurances of undying faith to the stern principal. That stony gaze has turned your india ink heart, white as snow. That unflinching mind has parsed every sentence of its contents. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Tear your mustache, hold an auction in your room, and depart without paying your tailor or your stationer. Resolve that she shall never know the agony which rages in your breast. If she doesn't know it already, she's the solitary person in that predicament within a range of ten miles.

RESOLUTION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SHE wanders toward this shady wild.
I'll dare it now. My heart is strong.
Why should I quail before this child,
Who never thought or dreamed a wrong?

The world smiles greeting from afar.
I only pass with hurried pace;
And to my life's most beauteous star,
I never lift my face.

The flowers that by her pathway bow,
The blithesome birds that sing and trill,
They dare their passion to avow;
And why should I be still?

To heaven my inmost soul I've bared,
While night crept on with lingering feet;
And yet by her I never dared
The single word, "I love thee sweet!"

I'll lay me down beneath this tree—
In daily walk she comes this way—
And as in dreams I'll babble free
What waking I can never say.

I will—Good Gad! What childish fear?
She's coming now! Where can I fly?
I'll get into the bushes here
And see her as she passes by.

KERNELS.

—A University glee club of eight members has been organized.

—The Winter sports will be held on the twenty-ninth (29) of this month. A large number of entries are expected and the various features will be interesting beyond a doubt.

—A note of interrogation: "When are you going to pay that bill?"

—The number of speakers at the Commencement this year is to be ten.

—One of the men employed in the new laboratory died while at work recently, from heart disease.

—The "Thirteen Club" of eight, which so recently lost five of its members, has been increased by one.

—Members of the freshman class have started a vocal double quartette, which meets for practice once a week.

—The rag carpets on the gymnasium billiard tables are much admired, though the balls are somewhat off color.

—The "Epitome" of '86 has paid all its expenses, and has not been forced to call on the class for pecuniary support.

—*First Senior*: Are you going up to recitation?

Second Senior: No; I'll send up my cuffs; same thing, you know.

—The craze for proficiency in the manly art of self-defence is spreading. Mr. Seely has classes on Fountain Hill and at the Eagle.

—We do not mind being called the "dude editors," but when we are designated as "red headed" it is time to limit the freedom of the press.

—A transient theatrical troupe advertises as to being successful in "two worlds." We have heard of a divine comedy, but not of a divine comic opera.

—A junior has expressed a desire to see the new opera of *Orpheus and Euripides*. A companion remark to that of a senior who said he had made a camel on a billiard ball.

—*Scene*.—Recitation in Latin.

Prof.—"Mr. ———, read."

Absent-minded Student.—"Yes, sir! *Read, readis, readi, readem, read, rea—*"

—It is rumored that a new college publication will be started here in about two weeks. It is intended to take up a more humorous line of thought, throughout, than the BURR. We await its advent with interest.

—A cricket club will be formed here this Spring. The University has on its rolls numerous members of city elevens, and there is no reason why this, like all other new enterprises, should not be a success.

—Some doubts have arisen lately as to the original design of the room in the gymnasium behind the billiard room. While one man is taught to discolor eyes and abrade the skin, a whole class holds its meetings in the janitor's room.

—Though the Princeton students have been treated like children, there was no necessity for exhibiting the justness of their Faculty's treatment by acting in a childish manner and inserting statements in public journals which they are not able to substantiate.

—The course of Familiar Talks on Popular Subjects held in the janitor's room are growing in favor daily. The originators appreciate the interest felt in their undertaking, and will do everything in their power to furnish amusement and secure liberty of speech.

—The joint committee from the Alpha and University Clubs having in hand the Spring meet, to be held about the 10th of May, have made considerable progress, getting as far as the collecting of the preliminary assessment. Races will be held in the Rittersville Driving Park.

—Surely the ways of the "compo" are past finding out! In the superiority of his wisdom he translateth "fresh air fiend" into "fresh air fund"; "pall bearers" are by his chaste imagination transformed into "pall beerers"; while his sins of omission exceed those of commission.

—Forty-four members of the senior class at Stevens visited Bethlehem on Saturday, the first of this month, to go through the steel mill. Many of them strolled up through the park, inspected the Gymnasium, etc. They traveled in a special car placed at their service by the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company.

—A delegation from the bicycle club went down to the ball of the Reading Bicycle Club, and enjoyed themselves hugely, according to all accounts. They were somewhat surprised to read the account of their fancy riding, etc., in the morning papers, as they took neither machine nor uniform with them.

—One of the changes introduced by the new Register is the reduction of time in the matter of the annual examinations, from two weeks to one. Allow us to submit that this is not an improvement. It is probably designed to do away with the practice of letting things go until the end of the term and then cramming up for examination; but so long as the examination counts twice as much as the term work, the amount of time allowed for immediate preparation for that test, should be more nearly in the same proportion. And moreover the nervous strain occasioned by the attempt to answer ten questions covering an eight weeks course of lectures in four hours, is one which will not bear repetition six days in the week.

—The Pratt Health Building of Amherst College is rapidly progressing towards completion, and by the opening of the next collegiate year that institution—the only male college in the United States that requires each and every student to take physical exercise—will throw open for us a gymnasium second to none in this country. It will be furnished with all the latest weight and bar apparatus, besides an elevated running track, bowling alleys, tennis courts, hand-ball courts and bath-room.—*Record*.

[This is an interesting fact and correct to a certain extent; but physical exercise has been required from the students here for the past year, and we have *also* the second best Gymnasium in the country, but we never thought of mentioning it before; if it is a distinction we claim it.]

COLLEGE NOTES.

HARVARD.—Seventeen men are in training for the intercollegiate sports. The base ball club realized \$4,500 last season.

DARTMOUTH.—A minstrel troupe is about to be formed; a band is in existence. The base ball team according to new faculty regulations receives seven days a year.

PRINCETON.—The Winter sports recently held in the gymnasium proved a great success. Thirty men are training for the crew. The motion to withdraw from all intercollegiate boating contests, by reason of previous lack of success, was lost by a few votes.

YALE.—A new illustrated periodical is to make its appearance soon. The nine will play their opening game with the Athletics at Philadelphia, on April 5th. The Ohio & Mississippi Railroad Company have settled with the Glee Club for \$1,200, as damages claimed by the latter.

ELSEWHERE—An effort by the Columbia freshmen to fine absentees from class-meetings has proved unsuccessful. —The base ball league between Rutgers, Lafayette, and Stevens has been consummated. The University of Pennsylvania declines to join. —A national lacrosse team composed of representatives from the different colleges is to sail for England on May 7th. —The intercollegiate base ball association met at Springfield, Mass., on March 14th. —The University of Edinburgh celebrates its tri-centennial during Easter week. —The Senior Arts at the University of Pennsylvania have sixteen hours a week, six of which are lectures. —Vassar has formed a glee club. —A "bobbing party" at Williams caused the death of a senior. —Shinkle, who sold out the Cornell crew in the Vienna race is in jail at Rockford, Ill., charged with snatching the dead body of a lady friend. —Johns Hopkins has a system of posting on bulletin boards the best clippings from the latest papers. —Hamilton college was founded as an academy for the education of Indian boys. —Union, Hamilton, Rochester, Cornell, and Hobart have formed a New York State Intercollegiate Base Ball Association; each nine to play two games with every other. —The Cornell library contains 49,880 volumes, valued at about \$100,000. —The Correspondence University, in which education is furnished by mail, is divided into eight departments—Science, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages, Hebrew, History, and Political Science and Law. —It is said that nine-tenths of the college students in this country are Republicans. —The *Wooster Collegian* has a suit for \$100,000 damages pending against it. —A base ball nine has been formed by the young lady students of Hallowell Classical Seminary, Maine. —The twenty Universities of Germany have 25,550 students, of whom 7000 are Americans. —The University of Michigan has seven students in Sanskrit. —The following results of the intercollegiate conference committee are rumored—First, the number of championship games to be played by each college will not be restricted; second, the professional element must be eliminated. —Six billiard tables have just been put in the gymnasium at Amherst. —Williams is undergoing great excitement at present from cane-rushes. Scene, the chapel. Participants, faculty and students.

CLIPPINGS.

—*The Coup de Grace.*—A wedding in New York's fashionable church.—*Chaff.*

—"What a snap!" as the new spitz said, after surveying the fat legs of his little master.—*Chaff.*

—Stanley has discovered a river in Central Africa called *Kessmelonga*. It can not be very far from Lake "*Nyum-nyum*."—*Williams Athenæum.*

"Non paratus," dixit Freshie,
Cum a sad, a doleful look;
'Omne rectum,' Prof. respondit,
Et "nihil" scripsit in his book. *Ex.*

—Class room of advanced section in Freshman Latin:
Instructor—"What grows in Southern Latium?"
Student—"Wine mostly!"
Instructor—"What kind of wine?"
Student—(*Hesitatingly*)—"Roman punch, I think!"
—*Herald-Crimson.*

GEOLOGICAL.

A stratum of solid, slippery ice;
A stratum of slush, so soft and nice;
A stratum of water, over that
A stratum of man, in a new silk hat;
Above the startled air is blue
With oath on oath a stratum or two. *Ex.*

"Nein, Fraulein Schloss, Ich kan nicht geh'
Zu Breitman's Tanz mit dir;
Aber, mein Freund, Ich bitte Sie,
Get nicht auf deinem ear."

"Waroum, Herr Schliegel, geh Sie nicht
Mit me zu jenem Tanz?"

"Because, Fraulein, mein Onkel hat
Mein Ueberrock und Pantz!" *Ex.*

VARIUM ET MUTABILE?

E'en since the time that Virgil sang
Æneas' woes in Epic measure,
The custom of mankind has been
To jest at woman's fickle pleasure.

And yet methinks the ladies show,
From Helen down to Mrs. Harris,
Consistency in this at least—
They've always wished to go to Paris.
—*Chaff.*

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